ALBUM

Engd by R. Paul Phoenix.

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See to your book, dear Susan, let it be
An index to your life — each page be pure,
By vanity uncolored, and by vice
Unspotted. Cheerful be each modest leaf.
Not rude; and pious be each written page.
Without hypocrisy, be it devout.
Without moroseness, be it serious.
Yet sprightly, innocent, — And if a tear
Blot its white margin, let it drop for those
Whose wickedness needs pity more than hate.
But no one — hate their vices, not themselves;
Spare many leaves for charity — that flower
That's better than the rose's first white bud
Becomes a woman's bosom. Such be your book,
And such, My Sister, always may you be.

Rebecca R. Coffin

Kinderhook Sept. 28th 1832

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Love.

"Oh 'tis a glorious name,
The richest boon of Heaven — the holy band
That draws us to the Skies — the genial flame,
That warms this frozen land;
And well may it our raptures move,
Since heaven is naught but perfect love.

I would not breathe and live
In any climate 'neath the sun, where I
Could find no lingering trace of love, nor give
To him one tender sigh.
No. — heaven without this charm would be
Naught but a dreary waste to me.

If I were banished far
From all the haunts of social bands, where naught
But lifeless forms were seen, I'd love a Star;
And Oh, if there were aught
Could steal my little Star from me,
With Sterne, I'd love a cypress tree."

H. C. Worth.

The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the bee its torn,
Is like the charms which beauty shows,
On life's exulting morn.

But Oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies,
So when the eve of life comes on,
Our beauty fades and dies.

Then, since the fairest flower that's made,
Is withering soon that's fair,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
The beauties of the mind. N. P. C.

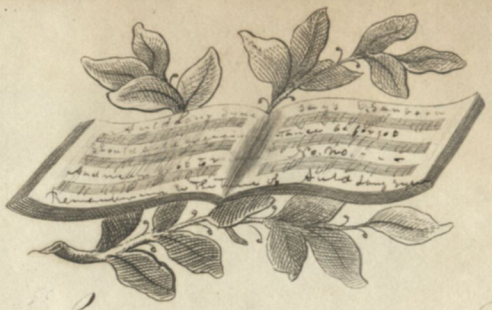
"Oh may thy virtuous soul disdain
The transient sports of this vain world;
And all that causes grief or pain;
Be from thy thoughts forever hurled.

May friendship's dearest ties entwine
Themselves around thy candid heart.
May those affections e'er be thine
Which neither life nor death can part."

A Friend

And may I not hope that a friend will excuse
The attempts of a pencil so unskilful as mine?
Since the task thou assigned me—and who could refuse
A voice so expressive, so persuasive, as thine.

This album some lone winter's eve may beguile,
As thy eye on its pages shall thoughtfully stray,
Retrospection will turn to the past with a sigh, smile
And if at such moments one thought of thy heart
Should revert to the friend who addresses thee here,
Though absence shall sever us widely apart
Remember my hope for thy weal are sincere.
May thy evening of life as it draws to a close,
Be as calm and serene as thy temper is pure,
And Angels at last bear thee home to repose,
Whence the joys of the righteous preeverendure. Amen.



Life is an Album, with its every leaf
Unfolded for a tale of joy or grief.

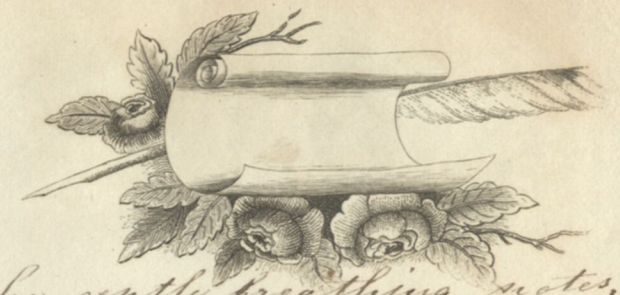
Could Friendship write the contents, thou should'st see
Recorded, only Peace & Love for thee
Each following page in richer blessing gild.
The last with glory's brightest radiance fill'd,

If mine the pencil, such should be its lines;
A wider hand, more varied tints assigns,
Darkening perhaps, with clouds the new born day
Perhaps with splendor, gladdening its decay.

And in the changeful volume, Virtue's eye
Reads unappall'd her earthly destiny,
Knowing her sure memorial is above
Enroll'd in characters that never die,
Recorded in the Book of Life & Love."

Yours truly
C. Sigma

August 5th 1834



"Soft be the gentle breathing notes,
That sing the Saviours dying love;
Soft as the evening Zephyrs float,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.
Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the swift lark exulting soars;
So soft to your Almighty friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.
Pure as the suns enlivening ray,
That scatters joy and life abroad;
Pure as the liquid ether of day,
That wide proclaims its Maker God:
True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be;
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To him who bled upon the tree."

All on earth is a shadow, Susan;
But all beyond, is substance.

from your friend & Cousin
Charlotte

Nantucket July 21st 1832

"The star that gilds the morning sky
Smiles sweetly o'er the now.
And flowers around thy pathway lie
And roses crown thy brow.
Which shade their wealth of rich perfume
Mid singly trembling, like a plume;
And a deep melody, soft and bright,
Is floating in thine eye of light."

. . .

Friendship

A friend should always like a friend write
Think as he speaks and as he thinks should write
Searching for faults as he would beauties find
So friendship true but not to justice blind.

To Susan

There is a leaf reserved for me
From all thy sweet memorials free
That here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou might guess so well.

But could I thus within thy mind
One little vacant corner find
Where no impression yet is seen
Where no memorial yet has been
Oh it would be my sweetest care
To write my name forever there.

Sept 23d 1835 Edward W. Cobb

"Can memory forget the hours
That I have spent with you?
No soon might fear avow yet the time,
Or flowers refuse the hue.
No soon might sweet Philomel sing
Or rivers cease to flow,
No sooner could one forget the days
That I have spent with you.
No sooner might man refuse to shine,
Or the moon her light to spread
Ere the fond affections now entwined
Again I may perceive the heart."

E. E. Ford.

There is a lovely spot of earth
To which we cling with fond delight
It is the spot that gave us birth
Where first our eyelids hail'd the light

There were my infant gambols play'd
With light-some heart upon the green
But then a hostile world display'd
The woes that chequer life's sad scene

I little thought my wandering feet
From that dear spot so soon should roam
My wayward fate alone to meet
Far, far away from native home!

Mary Ann Colin

Peace be around thy guarded path
My dear beloved friend.
May every joy that time imparts,
To thee its fragrance lend.

Peace be around thee; could my prayer
My earnest prayer prevail
No storms of mortal woe should ever
Thy peaceful breast assail
But to appoint thy lot in life
To me it is not given
Or tell what scenes of joy or grief
Shall mark thy course to heaven.

But he who guards the sparrow's fall
And decks the lovely flowers
Can guard the safe from every ill
In joy or sorrow hours.

A Friend.

"Ye are not missed, fair flowers that late
The summer's glow by forest and dewy grove,
Where falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding—
The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you not.

Still plays the sparkles on the ripling water,
O Lily! whence thy cup of pearl hath gone;
The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest daughter,
There is no sorrow in the winds low tone.

And thou, meek Hyacinth! afar is roving
The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kissed,
Cradled ye were fair flowers! midst all things loving,
A joy to all; yet, yet ye are not missed!

Ye that were born to lend the sunbeam gladness,
And the winds fragrance, wandering where they list—
Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sadness
To say, Earth's human flowers not more are missed!"

"How fast the rapid hours retire
How soon the spring was done
And now no cloud keeps of the fire
Of the bright burning sun.

The tender flower-bud dreads to swell
In that unclouded blue
And treasures in its fading bell
The spark of morning dew.

The stream bounds lightly from the spring
To cooll and shadowy caves;
And the bird dips his weary wing
Beneath its sparkling waves."

A.L.H...

May never rise of pensive melancholy
Within thy heart. beneath thy eye appear
Than just to break the charm of idle folly
And prompt for other's woes the melting tear
No more than just that tender gloom to spread,
Where thy beloved Muse, wont to stray.
To lift the thought from this low earthly bed
Or bid hope languish for a brighter day
And deeper sink within thy feeling heart.
Love's pleasing wounds. a friendship's polished dart.

Concha.

To Susan

When o'er these lines in future days
Thine eye shall rove in pensive thought;
Oft shall the enchanted Memory raise,
The shadowy form of friends forgot.
The cold, the changed, the loved, the dead,
Have here alike inscribed their line;
And since o few short years have fled,
What change is thine? what change is thine!
Their hands have pressed thine Album's page,
They've left their record – passed away.
Time hastes along – Youth turns to age,
Their lines are here – but where are they?

S.H.C.

New Bedford Feb. 7. 1835

Susan

Long may thy heart be glad and bright,
And distant far affliction's blight.
Long may thy joyous spirit stray,
Where sunny flowers shall gild thy way,
But oh! let not such a glittering toys,
Detain thy heart from heavenly joys.

J. S.

"And can it be that I must now
Consider thee as one
To look with cold unruffled brow
As I might once have done?
Have the sweet whisperings of thy love
Amid the Vilaas noisy grove?
Fled with the noonday's sun —
Can I yet live — and live without
Loves anxious hope — Loves anxious doubt?
No LLLLLLL, — if relentless fate
Should still our lots devide,
Deem me as one too desolate
To claim thee for his Bride, —
I would not for thy sweetest smile
One pleasure from thy heart beguile. ..

The Wanderer.

August 6th 1834

Forget Me Not.

Forget Me Not! Forget Me Not!
Who hasn't thought or said it,
By absent friends to be forgot!
Who is there does not dread it?
Who is there does not wish to leave
A purse of silken netting,
Or something, as preservative
Against the hearts forgetting?
But some in silence turn away;
Their deeper feelings let not
Their quivering lips have power to say—
"Farewell! farewell! forget not!"
E'en then the pressure of the hand,
The glance of fond affection,
Seem eloquently to demand
Unchanging recollection.
In short, 'tis a "forget me not,"
But not the flower we call so,
For 'tis its perishable lot
To be forgotten also.
It is a book we cherish thus,
Less fleeting than the flower;
And 'twill recall the past to us
With talismanic power.

Of love and time say what would Susan know?
That time is precious, and that love is sweet?
That both, the choicest blessings lent below
With gay sixteen in envied union meet?
Time without Love is tasteless, dull, and cold,
Love out of Time will fond and doting prove;
To light sixteen, are all their treasures told,
Love suits the Time, and Time then favours Love,
No longer then of mellow years inquire,
For sprightly Love, or swiftly-wasting Time
Look but at home, you have what you require,
With gay sixteen, they both are in their prime,

Susan Folger

Nantucket November 17th 1838.

To Susan.

"Thou art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks witchingly: its fruits and flowers
Are fair and fragrant, and its bulbous bowers
Seem haunts of happiness before thee set,
All lovely as a landscape freshly wet
Wet with dew or bright with sunshine after shower
Where pleasure dwells, and Flora's magic powers
Woo thee to pluck joy's peerless coronet.
Thus be it ever: wouldst thou have it so.
Preserve thy present openness of heart,
Cherish those generous feelings which should start
At base dissimulation, and that glow
(And that glow) of native love for ties which home endear
And thou will find the world no vale of tears.

Susan.

New Bedford 2d. Mo. 9th 1835.

Lady! to write in "Albums" is a task
But to refuse when one so fair should ask,
Would be uncourteous: think not you the same?
If not: just call it by some other name.
Look! see the youth who tries for once his muse
Scratch his thick head, and now a subject choose,
"Love" – no: it cant do, 'tis quite too flat,
"Virtue." I dont know what to think of that
Perhaps 'twile ~~like~~ well "Virtue" Now I see
That one page of this Book is graced by Thee.
Lo! here again I stand! no subject yet,
My ink half gone, my quill entirely split
Well – after having scrawled and thought
And thought and scrawled again, I've caught
An Idea – I will write on "Hope"
That "anchor to the soul," to which I'll tie a rope
That any one who dares to wish you harm
May find it round their necks, just where the arm
of man can't reach them – and where
They'll dangle just like this,  high up in air

E. de G.

Nantucket Aug. 20. 1834.

I've marked that beaming eye of thine,
Of heaven's own azure light,
In mild and tender beauty shine
As if no withering blight
Of sorrow's frown, or earthly care,
Had quench'd the fire that sparkled there.

I've looked upon the cloudless brow—
So pure from every stain,
And prayed that time might never bow
That youthful head in pain;
Or cold neglect or dark despair
E're leave a shade of sadness there.

I've gazed and wished the gentle heart
Enshrined within that form,
Might never feel affliction's dart
Or bide misfortune's storm;
And prayed those lips might ever wear
The happy smile that lingers there

Elizabeth Mace

"Earth holds no fairer, lovelier one than thou,
Maid of the laughing lips, and frolic eye.
Innocence sits upon thy open brow,
Like a pure spirit in its native sky.
If ever beauty stole thy heart away,
Enchantress it would fly to meet thy smile,
Moments would seem by the summer day,
And all around thee an elysian isle.
Roses are nothing to the maiden blush
Sent o'er thy cheeks soft ivory, and night
Has nought so dazzling in its world of light,
As the dark rays that from thy lashes gush.
Love looks amid thy silken curls, and lies
Like a keen anchor in thy kindling eye."

the Wanderer

August 7th 1834

When gone from the Scenes and the home you have now
Will regret or remembrance Ever Sullen your brow;
Will a Sigh or a Wish Steal away from your breast
And breathe a fond farewell. to the friends you have left.

And when you go back to your bright Island home
With Cherished and fair ones to Smile as you Come
When the Soft Strains of Music falls Sweet on your Ear
Forget. Oh forget not the friends you have here.

Your own Lovely birth-place Reflects the bright Wave
Where Sea nymphs and Peri's their Aerial kisses Weave
The Sweet Wild flowers of Love may Encircle you there
But forget not. Oh forget not the friends you have here.

The Sunniest Spots of our Youth may be Clouded
The Hearts tuneful feelings in Sorrow be Shrouded
Should the friends there forget You, or prove less Sincere
Then Come back to us. We will Cherish you here.

Lower Bedford Bay. 28. Geo. Oscar Bartlett


A Friend

"'Tis sweet to behold the soft light."

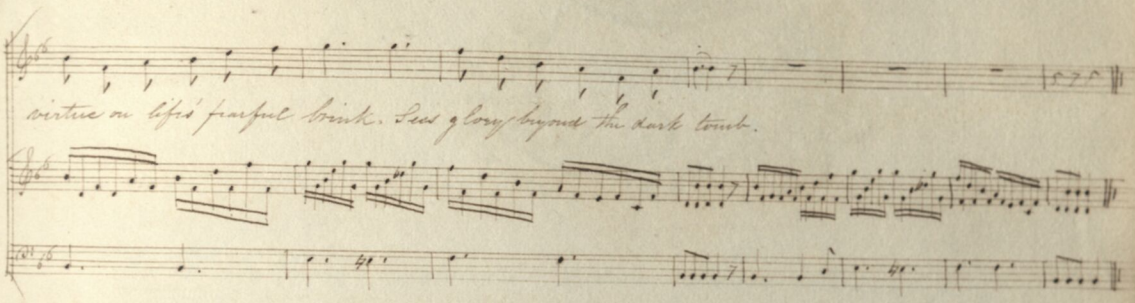
Music composed by

Edward L. White.

'Tis sweet to behold the soft

light, That lingers at eve in the west. But the evening of life is more bright And the twilight of hope is more

blest. The suns, though in brilliance they sink, Are followed by shadows of gloom: But



2nd.

And sweet when the morning's first beam
O'er hill and o'er waves smile serene:
But brighter by far is hope's gleam
When it dawns upon sorrow and sin –
For morn ushers in a sweet day
That night shall o'ershadow with gloom:
But pity's hope sheds a ray
That triumphs o'er night and the tomb.

New Bedford July 21st 1835

"Virtue alone can give true joy
The sweets of virtue never cloy
To take delight in doing good
In justice truth and grattitude
In aiding those whom cares oppress
Administering comfort to distress
These these are joys which all who pra
Anticipate the bless above
These are the joys and these alone
We never repent or wish undone"
"

Elizabeth

Oh where is the spot where my juvenile hours,
In pleasure and innocence glided away?—
Oh where is the field that was cover'd with flowers,
Where my youthful companions erected their bowers,
When my heart free from sorrow was happy and gay.
Oh where is the willow—the wide spreading willow,
That shaded the spot where I first saw the light?
And where the fond parent who watch'd o'er my pillow,
Ere I had embarked on life's rugged billow,
Or known a sensation but that of delight?

Young Phoebe

Pawtucket 7 mo. 10 dy. 1834

There is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind
a thousand accidents may and will interpose a
between our present consciousness and the secret
inscriptions on the mind but alike whether veil
or unveiled the inscription remains for ever.

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Mightier far
Than strength of nerve or sinew or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble
woman's breast.

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